DEVOTIONAL POEMS,

Festival and *Practical:*

On some of the Chief

Christian { FESTIVALS, FASTS, GRACES and VERTUES, &c.

For the USE of his Country-Parishioners, especially the Younger and Pious Persons.

By a CLERGY-MAN of the Country.

Teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, Coll. 3. 16.

Ego Homines ad priorem Lectionem omni licita ratione alliciendos esse censeo.

Seb. Castellio. Præfat. ad Tho. de Kempis, de Christo imitando.

Qui vult habere Notitiam Dei, Amet: Frustrà accedit ad legendum, ad meditandum, ad orandum, qui non Amat.

(S. August. Man. c. 20.) *i. e.*

He that would come to the true Knowledge of God, *Let him love:* 'Tis but to little purpose that any one comes to Reading, Meditation, or Prayer, *That does not love.*

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1585.2*

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TO THE

Right Reverend Father in God,

THOMAS

(late) Lord Biſhop of *Bath* and *Wells*.

My Lord,

YOU would not, I am ſure, be diſpleaſed that your Great Name ſhould be put before ſuch a Book as this; if you knew, that 'twas *Love* only that compoſed it; *Love* that lets it go abroad; and *Love* too that makes me chuſe you to ac-

cept, or pardon my Desires of its Dedication to you.

Yet, if any Principle, or Intereſt, or Intuition beſides, crept in, and mixt either with the one or the other; either with the *Compoſure*, *Publiſhing*, or *Dedication*; I do renounce, diſclaim, and condemn my ſelf for it: And deſire, *That Love* ſhould have been as unmix'd and uncompounded, as the Beams of Light, and the Glories of the Cherubim, in all of them.

Upon my aſſerting that I deſire this, ſurely your Charity which

which *hopeth all things, believeth all things*, will not take the Liberty to doubt it. And this, I think, is my beſt Defence.

I have very often, and with a great Complacency, reflected on the Words of another Seraphic Prelate now with God; "That leſs knowing "Perſons and tender "Diſpoſitions, and "pliant Natures, will make up "a greater Number in Heaven, "than the ſevere and wary, and "enquiring People; who ſome-"times love becauſe they be-"lieve, and believe becauſe they

Great Exemplar, *P.* 3. *Ad Sect.* 16. *N.* 11.

" can demonſtrate; but never " believe becauſe they love.

If this be ſo (as no doubt it is) then, he *does* much that *loves* much: And I conſider too, that he who is *Love* it ſelf does great things by mean and little Inſtruments.

My Lord, as that *Great Man* ends a *Great Work*, ſo I will begin a *little* one with ſaying; That *in the Service of God a Golden Head ſhall never have the Feet of Clay.* With Purity of Intention, like to that by which I may

* Biſhop *Taylor*, *Duct. Dubitant.*

may χρυσῆν ἐπιτιθῆναι χορώνην to every Act of Religion, I desire to beg your Benediction; to kiss your hand, and bow, and retire, and love: And am

My LORD,

St. *Luke*'s Day, 1698.

Your very Affectionate

Honourer.

THE

PREFACE.

Dear Fellow-Christian,

IF at any time, when you take this Book into your hands, and have read a little, tho' it be but for Diversion; you find your Heart at all mov'd; your Devotion raised; your Thoughts exalted; your Knowledge a little pleasantly increased; or feel any affectionate Emotions of your Spirit. I beg, that in the midst of the Holy Pleasures, you'll always remember your self and me in a short

ſhort Prayer: And Requeſt that the Author with you, and you with him, may obtain a bleſt and joyful Reſurrection.

After which, you and I ſhall have nothing elſe to do, but to ſing *and* love, *and* live *and* reign *to Perpetuity.*

Beg this for him that begs this for thee, and that's all I de-ſire of thee.

Words

Words leſs common,	*Explain'd.*
Abſtemious ——	Very temperate and ſober, or given to Abſtinence.
Adore —— ——	Worſhip.
Agitates —— ——	Vehemently ſtirs and moves.
Agonizing Love ——	Love which made our Saviour content with thoſe vehement Troubles of Mind, ſignify'd by the Word *Agony*, which the Apprehenſion of extreme Torments and Death muſt bring with them.
Bask —— ——	To live in the Warmth of the Sun.
Beatify'd —— ——	Made Bleſſed.
Cloy, —— ——	To glut and ſatisfy to a degree of Uneaſineſs.
Conduct —— ——	Guidance.
Confeſſours (here) ——	Thoſe that have boldly and conſtantly, amidſt Dangers, confeſs'd the Faith; or any Divine Truth.

Con-

Words leſs common,	*Explain'd.*
Conſpire	Agree together.
Conſign'd	Order'd to be put away and ſettled in.
Contrition	Sorrow for Sin, coming from the Love of God.
To Diſcipline	To keep in good Order; to uſe to good.
Diſmal	Sad.
Diſſolv'd (here)	Melted, wholly (and with Pleaſure) taken up.
Extatic	That carries a Man even beſide himſelf, with the Pleaſures of holy Love and Joy.
Ecſtacy	A being moſt pleaſantly carried out of ones ſelf, with divine Love and Joy.
Gorge	To feed, or fill like a Glutton.
Guardian-Angel	The good Angel that is appointed by God to ſuccour good Men.

Hermits

Words leſs common,	*Explain'd.*
Hermits	Holy Men, that withdrew from the World into Privacy and Silence, for the ſake of Devotion.
Indulgent	Making too much of.
Influence	Power, and Effect.
Lauds	Praiſes.
Martyr	A Perſon that lays down his Life for the ſake of Jeſus; or the Teſtimony of a divine Truth.
Manſions	Places of abode.
Menial Servants	Servants of the Houſe.
Mortify'd	Dead to all Evil, and corrupt Paſſions and Affections.
Motions	Movings, and Inclinings.
Object	Any Perſon, or any thing that is plac'd before me.
Probity	Honeſty.
Pungent	Pricking and ſharp.
Quire	The Place where Praiſes are ſung.

Rapture

Words leſs common,	*Explain'd.*
Rapture	The ſame with *Ecſtacy.*
Rapturous	The ſame as *Extatic.*
Regions	Places, or Countries.
Recount	Remember and ſpeak of.
Reciprocally	Mutually, or one the other.
Rejected	Caſt off, and not heeded.
Relent	To grow ſoft and tender with Love or Grief.
Retire	Withdraw.
Retribution	Requital.
Scene	State, or Place of Action.
Seraphic	Angelical.
Sphere (here)	Place, or Place of Action.
Station	Place of abode.
Styl'd	Call'd.
Stupendious	Aſtoniſhing.
Tranſporting	That carries a Man out of himſelf with Pleaſure, Joy, or Love.
Tremendous	To be trembled at.
Throb	To pant or beat, as the Heart does.
Vacant	Void, or empty.

THE

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Devotional

Devotional Poems.

The Entrance.

I.

YOU that having nothing else to do above,
But to *sing* Lauds there, sweetly; dearly (*Love*;
You, that your tuneful *Voices* loudly raise
In the blest sounds of your Creator's *Praise*;
Oh how I long to join my Voice with *you*!
I'd lie *dissolv'd in Hallelujahs* too.

II.

Before I come, methinks I'd *sing*, and *love*;
(A poor dull Echo of *your* Sounds above)

Or, if I *ſing* not, I would *love* like you:
'Tis all, till I'm unchain'd, that I can do.
All I can do's to love and to adore:
I'll pant for Regions, where I *ſhall* do more.

III.

I'll ſet my Life and Actions, raiſe my Face;
I'll pant and ſigh, and languiſh for the Place.
Till then (my Soul) *love greatly* while you're here:
We ſhall have time to *ſing* when we are there.
We ſhall have *Time*, and *Voice*, and *Skill* to ſing
Immortal Lauds to our Eternal King.

Chriſtmas-Day.

I.

AND art thou *come*, bleſt Babe, and *come* to (me?
Come down to teach me how to *come* to thee?
Welcome, thrice welcome to my panting Soul;
Which, as it *loves*, it *grieves* that 'tis ſo foul.

The

The less 'tis *fit* for thee, come from above,
The more it needs thee; and *the more* I love.

II.

But whither are you pleas'd to come,
To woe, invite, and call me home?
Down to the *Manger* and the *Stall*,
There you please to come and call.

III.

Here let me *sigh*, and sighing see,
What Dear Lord, I've been to thee:
Brutish, *polluted*, and *defil'd*;
Fitter, fitter to be styl'd
A *Beast*, than to be call'd thy Child.

IV.

But seeing, Lord, it pleases thee
To come familiarly to me:
To veil your Glories, and to come
So humbly down to call me Home.

I'll ſtudy how I may approve
My ſelf to thee (come from above)
By *Faith*, *Obedience*, and *Love*.

Aſh-Wedneſday: or a Day of Penitential Humiliation.

I.

WHatever others do intend to do,
This Day I'll bring my *Griefs*, dear Lord,
(to you.
There I can *open*, and *unboſom* all
The diſmal Inſtances by which I *fall*.

II.

Oh how much need have I of ſuch a Day!
While others *ſigh*, and bow, and come away,
Shall I behind them *unrelenting* ſtay?

III. No

III.

No, Lord, I too will bring my *broken Heart*,
(*Broken* with *Grief* and *Love*) to bear a Part;
And in the ſolemn *Penance* of the Day,
I'll *grieve* that I too (Lord) have gone aſtray.

IV.

Come then (my Soul) lie down in *Shame* and *Duſt*,
And humbly tell *thy Love*, That 'tis but juſt
If you from *Him* and *Heaven* ſhould be thruſt.

V.

Accuſe, *judge*, *ſmite*, *condemn* your ſelf; that ſo
You may to Manſions of the *Pardon'd* go.
When he ſhall *judge* for things done here below.

VI.

Bow, and confeſs to him, and *grieve* and *mourn*:
But perfect this by a *ſincere Return*.

Good-Friday.

I.

BLeſt Lord, I *ſigh* and *mourn*, and come away;
With thee I will be *crucify'd* to day:
I'll *bleed too* that from thee I've gone aſtray.

II.

A *Bleeding Heart* I will preſent to thee,
Who to thy Father didſt preſent for me,
This Day, a *Bleeding Body* on the Tree.

III.

My Heart ſhall *bleed*, that I deny to thee
The Fruit of all thy *Sufferings* there for me.
So I have done; but thus I'll do no more:
No more I'll put upon the diſmal Score.

IV. Ne'er

IV.

Ne'er wert thou *ſcorn'd* and *ſpit on*; and thou (ne'er
Suffer'd'ſt one *Stripe*, didſt *bleed*, or ſhed one *Tear*
For fallen Angels; but thou *didſt for me*:
Oh what is't, Lord, that I have *done for thee.*

V.

What have we *done*, my Soul, for all this *Love*?
How have we *labour'd*, and how have we *ſtrove*
Our due Returns of Gratitude to prove?
Why this we've done: The Lamb that once was (ſlain,
We wretchedly have *crucify'd* again.

VI.

For this how can we chuſe but *ſigh*, and ſay,
I with thee will *be crucify'd* to Day.

VII.

I'll *figh* and *bleed*, and *groan*, and *weep*, and *mourn*:
I'll give you what you *dy'd* for; *My Return:*
My *Quick Return* from all known Mortal Sin
That has been choſen, voluntary been.

VIII.

No more, dear Lord, by Avarice, Luſt, or Pride,
By Envy; or by one known Sin beſide,
I'll *pierce* (I hope) thy Hands, or Feet, or Side.
No more I'll *crucify* my Lord, no more.——
Let my Tears ſpeak the reſt, while I adore.

Eaſter-

Easter Day.

I.

HAIL, Holy Lord, I bow and joy to ſee
Your *glorious* and *triumphant Victory*,
Over the *Grave*, and *Death*, and *Hell*, for me:
And ſha'n't I *conquer* one vile Sin for thee?

II.

'Tis all that you have left me, Lord, to do
To try my *Faith*, *Love*, and *Obedience* too:
Oh let me not think theſe *too much* for you.

III.

But was't your Pleaſure, for three Days, to have
Your Sacred Body *Priſoner* to the *Grave?*
Didſt thou deſign, dear Lord, that this ſhould be,
To *hallow* and *endear* the Place to me?

IV. And

IV.

And by your *Reſurrection* from't to give
An Earneſt, that my *duſt* ſhall one day *live.*
And *live* above the reach of *Hope* and *Fear*,
Sickneſs and *Death*, and what's uneaſy here?

V.

And by all this your Godhead too to prove,
I recollect all this with *Faith* and *Love.*
With Faith and Love, and Hope, and Joy, and (Praiſe,
To thee my Heart and my Affections raiſe.

VI.

But with a *melting*, *broken*, *bleeding* Heart,
I from my darling Sin will quickly part:
Becauſe when all is done, you did for me,
You leave this tryal of *my Love* to thee.

Menday

Monday in Rogation-Week.

I.

AND art thou *parting*, deareſt Lord, to go
And *fit a Place* for devout Souls below?
And muſt we *ſtay* ſome time before we ſee
Thy great Felicities above, and thee?

II.

Well, deareſt Lord, *farewell*; but when you're (gone,
Be pleas'd, in Mercy, to look down upon
Thoſe devout Souls below, that pant to ſee
Thy great Felicities above, and thee;
And among them, dear Lord, *remember me.*

III.

May't not be long; Oh let it not, till we
Aſcend too, and ſit down in Peace with thee.

Tueſday

Tueſday in Rogation-Week.

I.

MY Lord (Oh! I can ſpeak no more without a
groan)
My Lord (ceaſe, ceaſe, my Sighs a while till I
(have done.
My Lord *is parting*; and with Grief I find
He leaves me to *ſtay here* a while *behind.*

II.

Yet this ſhall my Grand Conſolation be,
He only goes to intercede for me,
He's only *going up* to fit a Place
For them, whom he ſhall fit for't by his Grace.

III.

My deareſt Lord, when thou art *gone from me*,
And to thy Glories ſhalt *exalted* be;
Remember him that *pants* and *ſighs*, and *languiſhes*
(for thee.

Wedneſday

Wedneſday in Rogation-Week.

I.

THE Forty Days are ending: And you *go*,
Dear Maſter, from the World and *things be-*
(low.
This *parting* from me breaks my panting Heart:
'Tis Death to think that you and I muſt *part.*

II.

But ſince to *fit a place* for me, I gueſs
You go; nay, ſince you kindly ſo *profeſs*,
My Hopes grow *greater*, and my Sorrows *leſs.*

III.

And bleſſed Jeſu, ſince it muſt be ſo,
That you before me to your *Home* muſt *go*;
And at a diſtance I muſt live from thee,
O leave ſome *Token* of your *Love* with me.
The only Token which I beg is this:
(I bow and beg) *Thy Grace and Spirit 'tis.*

IV. What

IV.

What ſhall I do on Earth here without thee,
Unleſs this Token you vouchſafe to me.

V.

Not *ſafe*, nor *holy*, can my Paſſage be,
Unleſs this Token you vouchſafe to me.

VI.

You and your Glories, I ſhall never ſee,
Unleſs this Token you vouchſafe to me.

VII.

Their Influence, and Conduct let me find
That little time that I *ſtay here* behind.
As little as thou pleaſeſt let it be,
Till I *aſcend* and live in Peace with thee.

Monday in Rogation-Week.

I.

DEareſt, *Aſcending Lord*, before we *part*,
There's one thing from a trembling, loving *Heart*,
I beg you'll graciouſly to me impart:
Let me but know how to procure't from you;
I'd *die* moſt willingly if that would do,
'Tis what I pant and languiſh for indeed;
'Tis what I ſorrow to relate, I need
A perfect Love of thee. For this I *ſue*;
For this I paſſionately *beg* of you.

Or leave it now, or ſend it from above
Down to me ſhortly by the ſacred Dove.

II.

There's one thing more, dear Lord, before *you go*,
I'll beg you'll pleaſe to grant me here below:

Such

Such Meaſures of thy Spirit of Grace, that I
May live devoutly, acceptably die.

Or leave theſe now, or ſend them from above
Down to me ſhortly by the ſacred Dove.

III.

Grant me but *theſe*, and then I'll ask no more,
Till I *come Home*, and there love and adore.

Tueſday in Rogation-Week.

I.

DEareſt Maſter, muſt *we part?*
Wilt thou break a melting *Heart?*
A Heart that pants with Love of thee
Aſcending up and *leaving* me.

II.

O do not *leave* me here alone,
Deareſt Saviour, when *you're gone.*

But

But ſend the *Holy Ghoſt* to me,
Tho' (to my Grief) unfit I be
To receive that Gift of thee.

III.

Thou go'ſt to fit a Place *above*,
For all that do *believe* and *love*.
Lord, I believe and love; let nothing ſtand
Between me, and the Glorious promis'd Land:
I come, Lord, reach me out thy ſacred Hand.

Wedneſday in Rogation-Week.

I.

Farewel, dear Saviour, till we meet *above*,
In the Seraphic Element of *Love*.
Only, my Lord, be pleas'd before *you go*
To hear one Prayer of him that *ſtays below*.

II.

Let not my *Diſobedience* to thee,
My *Sloth*, or *Pride*, or *Luſt*, or *Vanity*,
Anger, or *Avarice*, or *Gluttony*,
Envy, or other my Impiety,
Long keep me from *aſcending* after thee.

III.

Oh let me here, my Lord, no longer ſtay,
Than till by Penitence fit to come away.
O make that *true*, and *ſpeedy*, and *ſincere*:
As ſoon's you pleaſe *then* let me meet thee there.

Aſcenſion-Day.

A DIALOGUE.

Diſciple. A *Dieu*, dear Maſter, we muſt *part* I (ſee.

Jeſus. *Adieu*, till you *aſcend* and live with me.

Diſciple. How long, dear Lord, how long muſt I (ſtay *here*,
Till I ſhall be *admitted* to thee *there?*

Jeſus. A few more Minutes, piouſly imploy;
And after *theſe*, you'll ſee your Maſter's (Joy.

Diſciple. And will you *leave* me in this Vale of (Tears,
To ſtruggle with Temptations, Doubts, (and Fears?

Jeſus. I'll *leave you*; but I'll *leave you not* alone;
I know what you will need, when I am (gone.

Diſciple. What Conſolation (Jeſu) ſhall I find,
When *you* are *gone*, and *I am left* behind?

Jeſus. At Pentecoſt my Spirit I'll ſend down,
To *comfort* and *conduct* thee to thy Crown.

Diſciple. Strange Demonſtrations of tranſporting Love!
He'll guide me here; *you'll* intercede (*above.*

Jeſus. Be *willing* to be *led*, and he will *lead.*
Be faithful and live well, *I'll intercede.*

Diſciple. What can I render for this *Love* of thine?
What *Retribution* can I give of mine?

Jeſus. This only do, and you will grateful prove:
Give me your *Faith*, *Obedience* and *Love.*

Aſcenſion-

Aſcenſion Day.

I.

BLeſſed Lord, before you *go*,
And *leave* me weeping here below,
What I *beg*, on me beſtow.

II.

I bow and worſhip, *Lord*, *adieu:*
Till I come Home and wait on you,
Let me faithful be and true.

III.

True and *Faithful* let me be
By acceptable Purity;
By acceptable Probity;
By univerſal Sanctity.

IV.

True and *Faithful* to thy Spouſe:
A faithful Servant of thy Houſe.

V.

As long as I *ſtay here* below,
Send me Grace to ſee and know,
How I may moſt *Glory* bring,
Love and *Obedience* to my King.

VI.

But I'd not only *ſee* and *know*;
Send me perfect Grace *to do*
The truly pleaſing things to you.

VII.

I bow and beg, that you may find
All I do to be deſign'd
From a *loving*, *willing Mind*.

VIII.

During this my little *ſtay*,
Till I'm call'd to *come away*,
And bask in everlaſting Day.

IX. *One*

IX.

One peculiar thing for me,
Above the reſt I beg of thee:
A moſt Angelic Purity.

X.

Send it Jeſu from above,
Send it ſhortly, O my Love:
Send it by the Sacred ~~Dove~~.

Aſcenſion-Day.

I.

The Apoſtles parting from our Lord.

St. *Peter.* A *Dieu*, dear Lord, I kiſs your Sacred (Feet!

St. *John.* *Adieu*, till we in *upper Regions* meet!

St. *James the Son of* Zebedee. } And *there* in Joys reciprocally (greet.

II.

St. *Andrew.* I bow my Head and worſhip; *Lord,*
adieu!
St. *Thomas.* *Adieu,* till I *come up* and live with you!

III.

St. *Bartholomew.* Jeſu, *and I too,* kiſs thy Sacred
(Feet!
St. *Philip.* How many Paſſions at *our parting* meet?
St. *Matthew.* Sorrow, Fear, and Love and Joy;
(all theſe:
St. *James* the Son of *Alpheus.* } Oh! turn them all *to one* aſſoon's
(you pleaſe.

IV.

Simon Zelotes, Oh take me up, and turn them all
(*to Love:*
St. *Jude* the Brother of *James.* } That *dear ſweet Paſſion* that does
(reign above,
All. From which Seraphic Raptures, I may ne'er
(remove.

Aſcenſion-

Aſcenſion-Day.

I.

A *Dieu*, dear Lord, if you'll *aſcend* from me,
And *leave* me panting, languiſhing for thee.
To be imploy'd in ſomething here, I find
You do intend to *leave* me yet behind.

II.

Oh what is't, Lord, that you would have me do,
Before I *leave* this World and come to you?
Glory and *Love* you'd have me *bring* you ſtill:
As much as I *can bring* thee in, I *will*.

III.

I'm *griev'd* that 'tis no more; *griev'd* that I know
To how ſmall purpoſe 'tis I ſtay below.
O take me *up* where I may love thee more:
No more offend thee; gratefully adore.

IV. Where

IV.

Where my Obedience may *perfect* be,
And I may unmix'd Glory bring to thee.
What Interruptions, what Abatement's here,
Of theſe, what ſad Ceſſations do I fear?

V.

O take me with thy Menial Servants *Home*;
To thy *ſuperior Manſions* let me come.
Ne'er would I wiſh one minute to remove,
If *there* I could once reign, and ſing, and love.

Whit-Sunday.

I.

COme *bleſſed Spirit*, *deſcend* and light on me:
Give me one Beam of thy *Divinity*.
One more than ever yet thou didſt impart,
Since firſt thou didſt *inflame* my teeming Heart.

II. Thou

II.

Thou didſt *deſcend* in cloven *Tongues* and Fire,
O touch my *Tongue*, and my cold Heart inſpire:
That one may praiſe thee, and the other love
Thee, and the *Manſions* (whence thou cam'ſt)
(*above.*

III.

O fill my Soul with none but *holy fires*;
Raiſe my *Affections*; govern my *Deſires*;
That I may ſhortly *mount*, and may attend
That God and Saviour, whence thou didſt *deſcend.*

IV.

O that thy Sacred *Flames* my Droſs may *burn*,
And all my *Flames*, all to pure *Flames* may turn.

V.

Thou ſay'ſt thou'rt *griev'd* when we refuſe thy
(*Grace*,
And thy bleſt *Intimations* find no place.
And art thou *griev'd* for me, bleſt *Spirit* of Love?
Oh tho' thou *grieve*, do not from me remove.

VI. For

VI.

For me haſt thou been *griev'd*, been *griev'd* by me:
Oh let me *grieve* that e'er I *grieved* thee;
And by thy *Conduct*, *Aid*, and Sacred *Fires*,
Yet may I ſee the Land of *my Deſires*.

VII.

Teach me to *live*, and *die*, and *love*, and *ſing*
Loud Hallelujahs to th' Eternal King.
O let me with *Devotion*, *Zeal* and *Love*,
Begin them here, and *finiſh* them above.

Trinity-Sunday, or on the Holy Trinity.

I.

DEar Myſtery, dear Lord, dear Great *Three-one*,
With Wonder, Love and Adoration,
I'm *ſwallow'd*, when I think a Thought of thee;
I'm *pleas'd*, and yet I'm *dazzl'd* equally.

II. Did

II.

Did you, dear *Great Three-one*, long ſince conſpire,
To fit me to obtain what I deſire?
Oh *Good Three-one*, this does aſtoniſh me,
Almoſt as much as thy great *Myſtery*.

III.

How can I *do*, or *love* enough for this?
What can I give for ſuch *Great Hopes* of Bliſs.
I'll *love*, I'll *glorify*, I'll thee *adore*,
And I'll *obey*: Lord, I can do no more.

IV.

Oh that *all this* I always, Lord, had *done*,
Without ſad Mixtures, Interruption,
Abatements, Diſobedience, or Falls;
Had I but *anſwer'd thy* endearing *Calls*.

V.

Dear Father, I confeſs that I am he
Who, to my *Grief*, have oft offended thee.

Dear

Dear Saviour, thou haſt been diſpleas'd by me;
Dear Spirit, I, even I have *grieved* thee.

VI.

Dear *Myſtery*, dear Lord, dear Great *Three-one*,
Impute not Ills I've *thought*, or *ſaid*, or *done*,
To a poor Penitent; if *Grief* and *Love*,
To recommend him can ſucceſsful prove
To *Father*, *Saviour*, and the *Holy Dove*.

VII.

Dear Lord, dear Myſtery, dear Great Three-one,
Till I'm remov'd from this my Station,
Grant I may acceptably *love*, *adore*,
Obey and *glorify*; I ask no more.

VIII.

I ask no more while I continue *here*:
Content *with this*, in this my lower Sphere.
Content in all things, but in *this* I'd be
To be too long excluded, Lord, from thee;
Dear Love, dear Great Three-one, *dear Myſtery*.

IX.

I for my *ſelf* indeed, would ask no more:
Yet Oh that all Men living, would *adore*
Obey thee more, more *love*, more *glorify*:
But after all, methinks, I'd have none *ſigh*,
None *pant* for thee, none *love*, none *languiſh* more
(than I.

Feſtival of St. Michael *and all Angels.*

I.

BLeſt *Spirits* of the triumphant Church Above,
With you, when ſhall I *live*, and *reign* and *love*?
Oh when ſhall I come t' ye and with ye *raiſe*
My Voice too, in our great Creator's Praiſe.

II.

When ſhall I add one *Voice* more to your *Quire*,
Where I ſhall never *ceaſe* and never *tire*?

Where

Where I ſhall never *wiſh* my Lauds ſhould end,
Where I my Love ſhall ne'er *once more* offend.

III.

My *Love* and yours, my *King* and yours: to whom
I pant, I ſigh, I languiſh too to come.
Which till I do, I'll alway ſtrive to bring
Some more to love, and to obey our King,
Who *with us* may inceſſant Praiſes ſing.

IV.

Oh could I *pleaſe*, Oh could I *live* like you:
Till I'm unchain'd *this* I ſhall never do.
But may your Lord *accept* this my *Deſire*,
Till I into your Element expire,
And fill one vacant Seat within *your* Quire.

V.

But till I have ended here, and come to thee,
Lord, let my *Guardian-Angel* ſing for me.
This to me will ſome Satisfaction bring,
If while I labour here, my *Guardian* ſing
His Lauds and *mine* to our Eternal King.

All-

All-Saints-Day.

I.

BLeſt *Spirits*, while *you* above *ſhine* bright and (clear,
What Clouds of *Darkneſs* do ſurround me here?
Fetter'd and chain'd to a *dark* Houſe of Clay,
While you all *love* and *live* in *brighter Day.*

II.

What a tranſporting Life, *you* live above
Who 've nothing elſe to do, but *ſing* and *love!*
What Pains and Conflicts muſt I here endure,
While *you* are *paſt them*, and are lodg'd ſecure.

III.

Whate'er I *ſuffer* tho', whate'er I *do*,
His will be done who has exalted you:
I'll not complain: The more I *ſuffer* here,
The more *I do*, the brighter 'twill be there.

IV.

'Tis but *a little*, till I hope to be
Unchain'd, admitted, and *be welcome t'ye.*
But oh! I faint when my Unfitneſſes I ſee.

V.

And more I ſhould did not I know *who* try'd
The Diſadvantage of this State, and *dy'd*
That *Imperfection* might be glorify'd.

VI.

Till I *come t'ye* what I *can do*, I will;
Your Meaſures tho', how *little* do I fill?
How little do I *run* or *live* like *you?*
Like you, how *little* is it that I do?

VII.

How little do I diſcipline, or train,
Or trim my Soul, as if it were to reign
With you; tho' I moſt humbly own I have
Theſe Expectations beyond the Grave.

VIII. But

VIII.

But thus *bleſt Saints* I would be underſtood:
Not for my Works, but becauſe *God is good:*
And vaſt the *Merits* of my Saviour's Blood.

IX.

St. *Peter* and St. *Paul* I wiſh to ſee,
With *Confeſſours* and *Hermits* wiſh to be;
But above all, *dear Lord*, I long for *thee.*

X.

Thoſe *Saints* who faithfully have run this Race
I'd ſee: I'd ſee the *Martyrs* bliſsful place,
But above all (*dear Lord*) thy Glorious Face.

XI.

O *fit me* for theſe Regions of the *bleſt*,
Where *ſeparated Souls* ſecurely *reſt:*
Who in thy Faith and Love, have *liv'd* and *dy'd:*
Who like my ſelf were once ſeverely *try'd*
Before they were in part *beatify'd.*

XII.

The *little All*, that I can do for this
Eternal, *joyous* and *tranſporting* Bliſs,
How little, O my Soul, how little 'tis.
But yet till I *come t'ye*, and live above,
If I can do nought elſe on Earth, *I'll love.*

On St. John's *Day; the Diſciple whom Jeſus lov'd.*

I.

WHen *from Mortality* and things below
I to a new ſtrange *World of Spirits* go;
May I be plac'd (whene'er I am remov'd)
At thy Feet, *Bleſſed Saint*, whom Jeſus *lov'd.*
O that it may one Day be ſaid by thee,
Dear Lord of *me*, ev'n *me* too, *This is he*
That's a Diſciple that is lov'd by me.

II. Oh

II.

O could I *hear* ſo raviſhing a *ſound:*
My teeming Heart how would it *pierce* and *wound!*
Could we *out-live*, my Soul, ſo great a Grace
One Moment, and not *die* upon the Place!
Tho' we *out-liv'd* could we enough *rejoice*
At this tranſporting and extatick Voice:
Look down, my Saints, to Earth, this too is he
That's a Diſciple that is lov'd by me.

III.

What ſhall I *do* to have this *ſaid* of me?
What would'ſt thou have me *ſuffer*, Lord, or *be*
That this *dear Voice* may be pronounc'd by thee?
Oh I would *die* ten thouſand Deaths if this,
This glorious *Honour* I might never *miſs*;
To have it *ſaid* (dear Lord) and ſaid by *thee*,
Here's a Diſciple that is lov'd by me.

IV.

'Tis an *Immortal Honour*, this 'tis true;
Deſpair not tho', *this* may be ſaid of you;

Even you, my Soul, in the tremendous Day
When the loud Trump ſhall rouſe our ſcatter'd (Clay.
And bid the Soul and Body come away.
Let us but *love*, *obey* and *glorify*:
Let's *live* to him, for whom we ſay we'd *die*.
Then will he ſay of *you*; this, *this is he*
That's a Diſciple who is lov'd by me.

Innocents-Day.

I.

BLeſt *little Martyrs* for the New-born *God!*
How *ſhort* yet *happy* here was your abode!
'Twas but a *little while* ſince you receiv'd
Your Being here: And what? *ſo ſoon* reliev'd?

II.

So ſoon call'd hence? and for *ſo good* a Cauſe?
(Martyr'd by cruel *Herod*'s bloody Laws!)

Thrice

Thrice happy you, that were *ſo ſoon call'd hence*,
In lovely and unſpotted *Innocence*.

III.

Such *early Martyrs* we muſt needs ſuppoſe
White as the Lily, *ruddy* as the Roſe.
Make me, dear Lord, before I come away,
As *mortify'd*, and *innocent* as they.

Patience in Reproaches for any Duty.

I.

OH how *uneaſy* does it ſeem
To fall into a *Diſeſteem*:
Into *ill Reports* to fall;
To like it is not natural,
Tho' for *Obedience* it be,
Methinks, I'd *put it off* from me.

II.

When for a Duty I'm *abus'd*,
Oh how fain I'd be *excus'd*.
But *Pardon*, *Lord*, whene'er I think
From *this* at any time to ſhrink;
Who patiently ſhould *bear* much more
For him, my Love, whom I adore.

III.

Forgive me whenſoe'er you find
Me earneſt to have this declin'd:
Be it as thou pleaſeſt Lord,
Give me what you pleaſe t' afford:
Give my loving, willing Mind
Any *ſuffering* that you find.
(All Afflictions that) may prove
For your *Glory*, and your *Love*.

IV.

That deareſt Lord, is beſt for me:
Oh let *that* my Portion be
That *Glory* brings, and *Love* to thee.

Contempt

Contempt of Falſe Reports or Calumnies.

I.

THE World will *talk*; and let the World *talk on*:
What's that to him who's quickly to *be gone?*
Think poor miſtaken Mortals as you pleaſe
Of me, for my part I am much at eaſe.
Upwards I always my Intentions raiſe:
I value not what *you*, but what my *Maſter* ſays.

II.

Then only *ſhall* we, *can* we be at eaſe,
When *him* we do deſign, and ſeek to pleaſe.
Let Men caſt *Duſt* in one anothers Eyes,
Here only 'tis that any *Duſt* will riſe,
There's *none* at Home; I mean, beyond the Skies.
Talk then miſtaken World, and *cenſure* ſtill.
Surmiſe, *reproach*, *ſpeak*, *think*, juſt as you will.
May I ſome Angels vacant Seat but fill.

Hymn

Hymn when you lie awake.

I.

I Wake, and *join with you* bleſt Spirits above,
To ſing his Lauds, whom *we* adore and love.

II.

With *you* I'd join; let me with *you*,
Put in *my* Hallelujah too.

III.

With *you* I join, with *you* I ſing
Glory to the Eternal King.

IV.

With *you* I join, with *you* I raiſe,
My Soul in our Creator's Praiſe.

V.

I *here below* with *you* above,
Recount his Goodneſs and his Love.

VI. With

VI.

With *you* I join; 'tis what with *you*,
I hope eternally to do.

VII.

Let me but mount, dear Lord, and *ſing* with theſe,
I'd leave Mortality as ſoon's you pleaſe.

The Aſpiration; to the Holy Trinity.

I.

O Glorious, Dear, Dread Trinity,
When ſhall I mount, and come and ſee,
And *live*, and *love*, and ſpend with thee
A Rapturous Eternity.

II.

What ſhall I do, while here I ſtay,
Before I'm call'd *to come away?*

To

To thee I'd live, for thee I'd die,
None ſhould more *Glory bring* than I.

III.

To thee I'd live, for thee I'd die,
None ſhould *obey thee* more than I.

IV.

To thee I'd live, for thee I'd die,
None ſhould *love thee* more than I.

A Sigh of Penitential Love; after any Fall.

I.

MY Love, my Life, my Dear, my All,
Never let me once more *fall.*
My All, my Dear, my Life, my Love,
Grant me *Conqueſt* from above.

II. My

II.

My Life, my Love, my All, my Dear,
Accept a Penitential *Tear*
Dropping from *Grief*, *Love* and *Fear*,
My panting Heart; O let it move
With no *Paſſion*, but thy *Love*.

III.

Let it *throb*, and let it *beat*
Only with that *Holy Heat*.
Let its *Flames*, and let its *fires*,
Only be of *chaſt Deſires*;
Juſt like the *Flames* of thoſe above,
Who do nought elſe but *ſing* and *love*.

IV.

When, when, my Soul, ſhall we enjoy
The *dear* and Rapturous *Imploy!*
For this we'll live, for this let's die;
'Tis worth it, for *'tis Ecſtacy*.

The Church.

I.

HEre, dear Lord, I love to *be*;
Here I love to *ſpeak* with thee;
Here I love to *hear* thee tell,
How I may *come up* and dwell
(Securely love and live) with thee;
Live and *love* eternally.

II.

Here I love to come to thee,
And *treat* about Eternity:
Here I love to come and tell
When all things with me are not well.

III.

Father *here* I love to come,
And beg I may come ſafely Home;
Safely Home to live with thee,
Above the reach of Miſery.

IV. *Here*

IV.

Here I love to come and *ſee*,
Jeſu, what you did for me,
When you *bled* upon the Tree.

V.

Here I love to be a *Gueſt*
At the great tremendous *Feaſt*.
Here I love to come and *ſue*
For what I humbly hope from you;
Pardon, *Grace*, and *Glory* too.

VI.

Here I love to come and *own*
The great tremendous dear *Three-one*.
Here I love to beg that I
May loving *live*, and loving *die*.
Father, Jeſu, Holy Dove,
Here I love to *come and love*.

Sunday-

Sunday-Night.

I.

HOW little did I *hear*, *read*, *pray*,
Dear Lord, as ſome have done *to day*:
I hope I've *lov'd* as much as they.

II.

How little is't that I can *do*,
O bleſſed Maſter, *here* for you!
While you intercede above,
'Twould be ſad with me if I could not *love*.

III.

You that ſo much of old did do
Bleſt Saints in Life, and dying too,
Methinks, I'd *love* as much as you.

IV.

You that *faſted*, you that *pray'd*;
Great *Treaſures* too to Heaven convey'd;
You that in all things here *obey'd*.

V. I'd

V.

I'd fain *my Love* like *yours* ſhould be:
No Man, methinks, ſhould *love* like *me*,
Love to that great and high Degree.

VI.

'Tis true, I *love* and I adore;
But yet I'm grieved, that 'tis *no more*:
As much as theirs who went before.

VII.

Accept, dear Lord, my *Grief* or *Love*;
Which thou pleaſeſt, Holy Dove;
Either will ſufficient prove.

The Penitential Declaration.

LORD, I *love*, and I *adore*;
And I would do ſo more and more,
All along below, before
Thou op'ſt the *everlaſting Door*,
And admitteſt me before
Thy ſelf, where I ſhall *ſin no more.*
Place not, Lord, upon my *ſcore*
Thoſe Guilts that do *offend* me ſore,
Becauſe they have *diſpleas'd thee* more
Than I can *pay* for, tho' I tore
This ſinful Fleſh to quit the ſcore:
But *this thy Son* has done before.

Retiring

Retiring to a Closet.

HEre I can *converse* freely with my *Love*:
Here I can *raise* my Thoughts to things *above*.
Here I from *Noise* and *Tumult* can *retire*,
And *speak*, *think*, *act*, *love*, *live* as I desire.
Here I can join *my* Praise to *theirs* above.
Here I can *bow*, and *beg*, and *mourn*, and *love*.
Here I can privately between *us two*,
My God and *self*, *do* what I love to *do*.

Duties to God.

FAITH.

I.

I Bow, *blest Trinity*, and in thee *believe*:
Yet when I say I *do*, I truly grieve,
That I unlike such a *Believer* live.

II.

I own thy *ſacred Goſpel*, and the *Creed:*
And here my panting, melting Heart does bleed,
That all my Life and Actions ſhould not be
Full of Obedience and Love to thee.

III.

The *Promiſes*, *Commands*, and *Threats* I own
To come from thee, O Great, Dread, dear Three-one.
How can I own this, and yet chuſe but grieve,
That I *unſuitably* to this ſhould *live*.

IV.

But thus I'll *live* no more: Not *one* known *ſin*
Shall be again *conſented to* within.
Break ſtony Heart, *relent*, and *melt* and *pine*,
Such Acts you did not formerly decline.

V.

Hence forward let *me live*, O ſacred Dove,
Like one that *ſays*, he does *believe* and *love*.

Come,

Come, come, my Soul, *reſolve:* Oh! don't deny
To *live* to him for whom you ſay you'ld *die.*

Repentance.

I.

AND may I yet, dear Lord, be *dear* to you,
After ſuch *diſmal Provocations* too?
You, who your *Arms* once on the Croſs did *ſtretch,*
Can you *embrace* ſuch a polluted Wretch?

II.

And are there *any Terms* on which I may,
Be welcome, or, am call'd to *come away?*
I bow, and bleſs thee for *theſe Terms,* and I
Will thankfully *embrace them* till I die.

III.

But Lord, what are the things that I muſt do,
That I may be but once more dear to you?

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And here my panting, melting Heart does bleed,
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III.

But Lord, what are the things that I muſt do,
That I may be but once more dear to you?

IV.

Senſe of my ſin; *Contrition* of my Soul,
Confeſſion, *Reformation* are the whole.

V.

I kneel, and all *the Four* preſent to thee:
Accept them, Lord, *imperfect* tho' they be,
Join'd with thy *Satisfaction* on the Tree.

VI.

And that you, Lord, my *Sorrow* may approve,
I all along will *grieve* becauſe I *love*.
I'll *grieve*, I'll *love*, I'll *watch*, and *ſigh*, and *mourn*,
And crown all this by an unfeign'd *return*.

Purity of Intention.

I.

MY deareſt Lord and Love! What ſhall I *do*,
Or *ſuffer*, that I may bring in to you
More *Love*, more *Glory*, more *Obedience* too?
My Lord, I moſt ſincerely wiſh I knew.

II.

Like thy firſt Confeſſours, and Martyrs, I
Would *love* thee, thee *obey* and *glorify*,
With equal *pure Intentions*; in my view
I'd have your *Honour*, *Love*, and *Glory* too,
In every thing I *ſpeak*, or *think*, or *do*.

III.

An Heart as *loving*, and as *willing*, I
Would alway, Lord, preſent thee till I die:
As *ſoft* and *pure*, as thy firſt Sons and Heirs,
As *tender* and *affectionate*, as theirs.

IV.

When I've *done* all, and *lov'd*, and ſee the ſcore;
I *grieve* becauſe I *do*, and *love* no more.

Divine Love.

I.

O I'm all Ecſtacy, and Love, and Flame,
Whene'er I think upon *a Father's Name:*
A *tender* Fathers that has *lov'd*, *fed*, *cloath'd*,
Protected me, he might have juſtly *loath'd*.

II.

O, I'm all Flame, and Love, and Ecſtacy,
To think who ſent his *Son* to *die* for me;
For me who could not *beg*, and could not *know*
How much I *needed* his being here below.

III.

O, I'm all Ecſtacy, and Flame, and Love,
To think who 'twas that kindly from above

Was

Was pleas'd to come and *die for me* that I,
Might *love*, and *live* to Perpetuity.

IV.

But Oh I am all Flame and *Love* and *Grief*,
To think I've *griev'd* him; who to my Relief
Was always ready waiting with his *Grace*,
Had his bleſt *Motions* found in me a Place.

V.

I mean the *bleſſed Spirit*, the ſacred Dove,
The *third* Great *Perſon*, (of the Three I love,
The Great *Three-one*) that has been *griev'd by me*,
Griev'd that theſe *Motions* ſhould rejected be.

VI.

How can we chuſe but be all *Love* and *Fire*,
When theſe to our Salvation do *conſpire?*
And we for *him* an eaſy Yoke wo'n't bear,
Nor ſhew a little Watchfulneſs and Care
His *Favour* and *Eternity* to win;
To act a *Duty*, and ſubdue a *Sin*.

VII.

Is this, my Soul, thy *Faith?* Is this thy *Love*
To thy dear Father, *Jeſus* and the *Dove?*
That I *ſo much*, Lord, ſhould expect from you
When yet *ſo little* 'tis that I can do!
And all the while grudge thee *this little* too.

The Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

I.

WHen from your *dying Breath* I hear from you,
This do: this, Lord, how can I chuſe but *do!*
If *dying Words* have no effect on me,
What ſhall *prevail?* What can *effectual* be?

II.

Celeſtial Love-Feaſt! Yet by ſome refus'd:
I'll *die* e'er I'll *deſire* to be excus'd.

What

What can *Refuſers* ſay; themſelves t'approve
To agonizing, bleeding, *dying Love?*

III.

Would you have *this*, my Soul, one Day, to be
Reported of thee, That 'twas ſaid by thee:
My Maſter calls, and let him call for me.

IV.

This do: When this I hear my Maſter ſay,
I ſcare dare *come*; yet dare not ſtay *away.*
My *Faith*, *Repentance*, *Charity*, I fear
Are not ſufficient, Lord; yet *therefore* here
I at thy Table will reſolve to *be*,
To have them *heighten'd*, and *increas'd* by thee.

V.

Tho' theſe *imperfect* be, yet ſure there may
Be *Hopes to come*; there's *none* to ſtay away.
To thee how ſhould I, Lord, my ſelf approve
But in the *Ways* and *Methods* of thy Love.

VI.

Come to me: Bleſſed Lord, you bid me come:
O take me by the hand and help me Home.
I'll *come then*; and on God ſecurely reſt:
He'll *ſtrike not*, when his *Son* lies in my Breaſt.

The Holy Sacrament of Baptiſm.

I.

STupendous Love! That I *ſo ſoon* ſhould be
Intitled to a Bleſt Eternity!
So ſoon have my Angelic *Robes* put on!
So ſoon be *ſeal'd* to my Redemption!
So ſoon, Lord, made *a Member* of thy Houſe!
So ſoon an *Infant Servant* of thy Spouſe!

II.

When I recount this in a grateful Mind,
Nought there but teeming *Grief* and *Love* I find

Love;

Love; that ſo much, ſo ſoon was done for me:
Grief; that ſo little has been done for thee.
Both Paſſions *Grief* and *Love* united, tell
What I renounc'd *then*; I have lik'd too well.

III.

I that renounc'd the *World*, have I comply'd,
And nothing pleaſant to my ſelf deny'd?
Its *Riches*, *Honours*, *Pleaſures*, *Hopes* and *Fears*,
Deſires, and *Vanities*, and *Vexatious Cares*,
Its evil *Cuſtoms*, *ill Examples* too,
How have *all theſe*, my Soul, prevail'd on you?

IV.

We that renounc'd the *Fleſh* and *Devil*; that we
Should ever *envious*, *proud*, or *luſtful* be!
And not vile Paſſions and Affections flee!

V.

Is this (my Soul) your *Faith?* In this your *Love?*
Your ſelf to Jeſus, do you thus *approve?*
Can you ſee this, and ſay that you *believe?*
Can you ſee this, and can you chuſe but *grieve?*

With

With a *relenting*, *bleeding* Heart, Oh ſay,
Is this like one that *promis'd* to *obey?*

VI.

With deepeſt *Grief* and *Love* and awful Fears,
My Lord, I'll *rebaptize* my ſelf in Tears.
And having done ſo, I reſolve that I
Will *live* to him, for whom I ought *to die.*

Prayer.

I.

TO you, Dear Father, my *Complaints* I'll bring.
I'll run with my *Petitions* to my King.
To you I'll run with all my *Sighs* and *Tears*;
I'll run to you with all my *Doubts* and *Fears.*
I bleſs thee, I *may* come, *complain* and *tell*
My Father, when things with me are not well.

II. And

II.

And am I bid to come and *beg* of thee,
Dear Lord; a *Rapturous Eternity?*
That there above the Reach of *Doubts* and
(*Fears*,
Sickneſs, and *Want*, and *Pains*, and *Death*, and
(*Tears*,
Afflictions and *Temptations*, I may live?
Sure what you bid me *ask* you mean to *give*.

III.

Is it not ſtrange then, any Soul ſhould be
Backward to come, and bow, and *beg* of thee,
Such Mercies for a Perpetuity?
Glad when 'tis done; willing to be excus'd,
So bleſt, ſo eaſy Work ſhould be refus'd?
When there's no *Loſs*, nor *Pain* in't: Nought we
(fear,
But *begging* and *receiving Bleſſings* here.

IV. And

IV.

And yet, my Soul, 't'as ſometimes been our (Caſe,
We fain would be excus'd and miſs the *Grace*,
Honour and *Favour*; when he bids us come
And beg theſe Mercies in our proper Home.

V.

Oh while he bids us beg, and means to give
Such *Glories*: Let us for them *beg* and live.

Duties to our ſelves.

CHASTITY.

I.

WHAT a celeſtial Vertue's *Chaſtity!*
To have a Soul (dear Dove) kept *clean*
(for thee:
A Temple unpolluted, *fair* and *bright*
To entertain Angelic *Heat* and *Light*;

II.

The Light of *Knowledge*, and *Devotions* Heat:
Erect in me ſuch a Seraphic Seat.
In me, dear Lord, white ſuch a *Temple* well,
That you with all your Beauties *there* may *dwell*:
(The Beauties and the charming Air of Grace)
O *fit*, dear Dove, and then *poſſeſs* thy Place.

III.

Till I untempted and unchained ſhall ſing
Unwearied Lauds to my Eternal King.
There no more *Paſſions* ever ſhall controul
The Pureſt *Flames* of an unfetter'd Soul.

Temperance.

I.

AND ſhall I *drown* the Man, and *drench* the (Beaſt?
I, that was lately call'd, and was *a Gueſt*
At the moſt ſacred and tremendous *Feaſt*.

II.

And ſhall I gorge and *cram* this Load of Clay,
Who with *abſtemious* Souls do hope one Day,
To paſs a pure Eternity away?

III. Shall

III.

Shall I the Image of my God deface,
Who in the *upper Regions* hope a place?
Shall I *unman* my ſelf, my Soul, ſhall I?
That ſome fall'n Angels Seat would fain ſupply.

IV.

O Jeſu, let not this be ſaid of me,
When Crowns and Palms of an Eternity
Shall come to be diſpos'd of, Lord, by thee.

Humility.

I.

C*Eleſtial Vertue!* Yet there are but few
That *find* or *make* themſelves content with (you.
A *Chriſt-like Vertue*, yet from this we run,
And all the proper Actions of it ſhun.

II.

If Men *think meanly* (O my Soul) of thee,
Come, be content; and *think ſo too:* For me
The *humbleſt* Thoughts are infinitely meet
When Jeſus *bows*, and waſh'th his Servants Feet.

III.

Be poor in Spirit: *Wiſe* and *good* Men find
Pride ruffles, *agitates*, and clouds the mind.

It diſcompoſes and diſturbs the Soul:
With groſs Suffuſions makes it *thick* and *foul.*

IV.

'Come, let me live above the World's Eſteem;
I am *no more*, I am *no leſs* for them.
In all I ſpeak or do, I will deſign
My *Maſter*'s *Glory* ſhall be only *mine.*

V.

Come, hear thy Saviour, and be advis'd:
Deſire, or be content to be deſpis'd.
Be *dead* as poſſible to all the *Senſe*
Of your own *Glory*, or *Self-Excellence.*

VI.

'Twill make you *lovely*; and 'twill charm the (Eyes
Of all Men truly *good*, or truly *wiſe.*
For always *this* has been obſerv'd to be
'The greateſt Ornament of Sanctity.

VII.

Come, take the *loweſt Thoughts*, the *loweſt Seat*:
Humility will make you truly Great.
'Twill make you wiſe and calm, ſerene and clear,
And check the Paſſions of your Hope and Fear;
'Twill dart upon your Soul ſtrange Beams of (Light.
You'll underſtand, and practiſe things aright.

VIII.

What Diſadvantage, Shame is it, or Loſs,
To *bear* a little of your Maſter's *Croſs*?

IX.

I'll *bear* it (Jeſu) chearfully for thee,
And in the Reſurrection, hope to ſee
Your *Mark* and *Character* be found on me.

Sobriety,

Sobriety, and Heavenly-Mindedneſs.

I.

WHY ſhall I *fondly treat* this lump of Clay,
With which my Soul but a few Years (muſt ſtay?
Tho' to it too *indulgent* I, and *kind*,
This Body I muſt ſhortly leave behind,
When from Mortality and things below,
I to a new ſtrange World of Spirits go.

II.

With too deep Reliſh never let me like
Thoſe Joys which only on the *Senſes* ſtrike;
While I expect *that Bliſs* which never *cloys*,
Subſtantial Good, and Intellectual Joys;
Joys more refin'd and pure than here below
Any one Soul could ever *taſt* or *know*.

III.

But ſhall *this Earth* be ſtill to me ſo dear,
When I am proſperous and eaſy here?
Be not too fond, my Soul, you'll ſhortly find
A pungent Pain will quickly change your mind:
You'll wiſh for Joys *more laſting* and refin'd.

IV.

Come, be not over fond of *preſent* things,
Of which *not one*, long Conſolation brings.
Nor was it e'er deſign'd ('tis very clear)
That *perfect Happineſs* ſhould be taſted here.
Eternal Paſſion to contract for things,
We cannot *long enjoy*, new Anguiſh brings.

V.

What? Can I think there is *no* future Bliſs?
Is the next World *worſe furniſhed* than this?
Is there *ſo much* I think *delightful* here?
And what? No *lovely Entertainment* there?

I'd

I'd ne'er *immortal* been, had God deſign'd
Mortality ſhould ſatisfie my mind.

VI.

If this *ſhort* Scene of Life ſo furniſh'd be
With Entertainments (O my Soul) for thee;
How can I think my God ſhould not provide
More Joys *there where* I'm *alway* to reſide?
If by his Goodneſs we things duly rate,
The *greateſt* Joys are for the *longeſt* State.

VII.

God never ſure emptied all Pleaſures *here*,
And reſerv'd nothing for his *Lovers there*.
To taſt the *beſt* things *firſt* he ne'er deſign'd,
And juſt to *taſt*, then *leave them* here behind.
Whatever then we think of future Bliſs,
There's more in't ſurely, than we *think* there is.

VIII. Methinks

VIII.

Methinks this Thought moſt naturally brings
Deſires to *act* and *live* for *better* things:
For what *Great Soul* can be content with *leſs*,
Who's tendred *vaſt Degrees* of Happineſs?
Come then my Soul, let's ſacrifie all Toys
To theſe *unknown* and *unexperienc'd* Joys.

Duties to our Neighbour.

JUSTICE.

I.

YOU that with *juſt Zacheus* do deſire
To add one *Voice* too, to the upper *Quire*;
You that with Spirits of *juſt* Men, alway ſay
You'd paſs a bleſt Eternity away;

II.

Do not, Oh, don't unfit your ſelf for this
Your Expectation of Seraphic Bliſs,
Rather than ſome ſmall *ſinful Portion* miſs.

III.

Whatever *others* do intend to do,
Oh never let theſe things be ſaid of *you*:

That

That you contentedly would here lay down,
All your bleſt Title to a *future Crown*,
Rather than make *juſt Reſtitution.*

IV.

That for ſome little *white* or *yellow Duſt*
You forfeited your *Portion* with the *Juſt*,
That for ſome *Portion* of this *Dunghill* here,
You quitted all your Hopes of *Kingdoms* there.

V.

No: On my Soul: Adieu, *vile Earth*, Adieu:
If I muſt *part* with *one*, I'll *part* with *you.*

Charity in giving.

I.

O Jeſu, let me *reach my hand* to thee,
With great Affections, whene'er I ſee
A proper Object of my *Charity.*

II.

Oh let me *ſomething for my ſelf* convey
To Heaven; and in thoſe Manſions *Treaſures* lay:
Treaſures which Jeſus (if they come from Love)
Will make the *moſt* and *beſt* of, and approve.

III.

Treaſures, which, as our Judge ſhall one day find
Proceeding from a *loving*, *willing* Mind;
We ſhall be to *Eternity* conſign'd.

IV. Come

IV.

Come lay (my Soul) lay *ſomething out* on this
Aſtoniſhing, Eternal, Glorious Bliſs,
Which *Charitable* Souls ſhall never miſs.

Charity in forgiving.

I.

WHEN you a bitter Enemy *forgive*,
Above the World and him you truly *live*.
You ſit above the reach of *Hope* and *Fear*,
You live in calmer Regions of the Air,
Nay more, you *help your Lord his Croſs to bear*.

II.

'Tis true, th' *injurious* Man abuſing thee,
Sets himſelf back for his Eternity;
But proper Opportunities lays down
For *you* to add more Jewels to *your* Crown.

III. What

III.

What Ground he *loſes* you may *get* with eaſe,
And may advance your Glories if you pleaſe.
What his Injuſtice *loſes* him you *gain*,
And by *Forgiveneſs* Chriſtianly *obtain*.

IV.

O come, my Soul, ſuch bleſt Occaſions take
Of one poor Life, the *moſt* and *beſt* to make,
When *Glories*, *Crowns* and *Kingdoms* are at ſtake.

FINIS.

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